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MARVEL TEAM-UP™ FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN AND CAPTAIN BRITAIN

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TRAPPED IN

MURDER WORLD



WHERE
ABSOLUTELY
EVERYTHING
CAN GO
WRONG--

--BECAUSE
IT'S PLANNED
THAT WAY!



Stan Lee presents **SPIDEY** and **CAPTAIN BRITAIN--TOGETHER**

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DARKNESS--ALL EMBRACING,
SOOTHING...SO PEACEFUL
HE KNOWS IT WON'T LAST.

IT DOESN'T.

LIGHT, FLASHING STROBE--
LIKE IN HIS HEAD, DROPPING
SPOT-MEMORIES OUT OF THE
MUSH THAT IS HIS BRAIN.

HE'D BEEN CROSSING THE
STREET WITH CAPTAIN
BRITAIN, ON THE RUN
FROM THE POLICE...

... AND THEN THE TWO OF
THEM HAD BEEN EATEN BY...
A GARBAGE TRUCK?

OOOMMM...

ANYONE GET
THE NUMBER
OF THAT--
HUH???

HUH???

I'M IN SOME KIND
OF GLOBE--BUT WHAT
THE HECK KIND OF
PLACE IS THIS?

I HAVEN'T
THE FOGGIEST,
SPIDEY.

CAPPY!
YOU
OKAY?

I'M... ALIVE.
AT LEAST, I
HOPE SO.
BECAUSE IF
BOTH OF US
ARE DEAD,
THEN HEAVEN
MUST BE A
VERY STRANGE
PLACE, INDEED.

ASSUMING
THIS IS
HEAVEN!

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AREN'T YOU
THE COCK-EYED
OPTIMIST?



ME, I'D
LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT.

IT'S ABOUT
MURDER, FRIEND.
IN FACT, TWO
MURDERS. YOURS...
AN' CAP'N
BRITAIN'S.



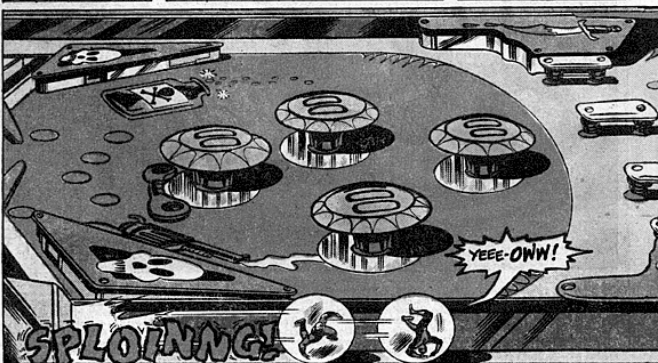
AIN'T LIFE A
PEACH? THE
MAGGIA'S PAYIN' ME
A MILLION BUCKS
TO KILL A LIMY
JOE COLLEGE NAMED
BRIAN BRADDOCK --
'CAUSE THEIR COMPU-
TERS INDICATE HE'S
ONE OF FIFTY PEOPLE
WHO MAY BE
CAP'N BRITAIN.

WELL, MISS LOCKE,
MR. CHAMBERS --
IF A ONE-IN-FIFTY
POSSIBILITY IS
WORTH A MILLION...

...HOW MUCH D'YOU
THINK THEY'LL PAY FOR
THE GOOD CAPTAIN
HIMSELF? PLUS
SPIDER-MAN,
TO BOOT!



FOLKS,
I GOTTA
FEELIN' THIS
IS GONNA BE
A NIGHT TO
REMEMBER.
I HAVEN'T
LOOKED FOR-
WARD TO A
GAME SO
MUCH IN
YEARS.



YEE-OHH!

EVERYTHING'S
READY! ALL SYSTEMS
READY! NORMAL!
WHATEVER I DO ON
MY REGULAR SIZE
MACHINE HERE WILL
BE DUPLICATED ON
THE "BIG BOARD"
DOWN BELOW... SO...

...LET'S
GET THIS
SHOW
ON THE
ROAD.

LADDEZ, GENTLEMEN, AN'
CHILDREN OF ALL AGES--
ARCADE
PROUDLY WELCOMES
YOU TO--

MURDER WORLD



"WHERE
NOBODY
EVER
SURVIVES!"

AREN'T YOU
THE COCK-EYED
OPTIMIST?

ME, I'D
LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT.

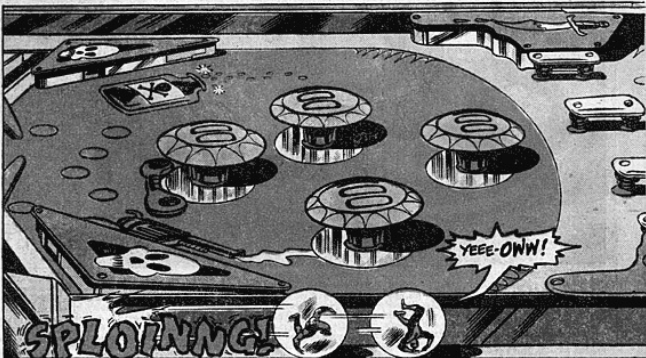
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LADEEZ, GENTLEMEN, AN'
CHILDREN OF ALL AGES--
ARCADE
PROUDLY WELCOMES
YOU TO--

MURDER WORLD



"WHERE
NOBODY
EVER
SURVIVES!!"

IT'S A HUGE
PINBALL
MACHINE!



THAT ROOM MUST HAVE BEEN
THE BALL SLOT-- AN' WE'RE
IN THE BALLS!

AARRRGH!

BZARK!

BUMPERS... SEND NEAR-
KILLING ELECTRICAL CHARGE
THROUGH THE SPHERE.
HURTS LIKE... BLAZES...
BUT LEAVES ITS VICTIM
CON... SHUSS.

BETWEEN... MOTION OF SPHERES
AN... SHOCKS FROM BUMPERS... NO
CHANCE TO GET ANY KIND OF
DECENT LEVERAGE...

...TO BUST
FREE!

BZING!

RAZZ!

DON'T GET IT. WHOEVER
OUR CAPTOR IS, HE HAD
CAPPY AN' ME GULD IN
THAT GARBAGE TRUCK.

WHY DIDN'T HE
JUST ZAP US
THEN? WHY
GO TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE?

FEEL AWFUL-- WORSE THAN
BEING SEASICK.

HOLD
IT!

KOET
KOET

DEAD BALL SLOT

THAT BAR
DELIBERATELY
PUSHED ME
AWAY FROM THE
DEAD BALL
SLOT! IT GAVE
ME ANOTHER
CHANCE--

--AN' I'M NOT
GONNA BLOW IT!





NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

AM I JUST FOOLING MYSELF, GRASPING AT STRAWS? MAYBE THIS REALLY IS THE TRAP I WON'T ESCAPE!



NO!

IT'D BE SO EASY TO GIVE UP. I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS BOUNCING AROUND.

I'VE TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR, TOO MANY PEOPLE COUNTING ON ME!



I'M SPIDER-MAN-- AND IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING...

...IT MEANS I DON'T GIVE UP!!



NO TIME TO REST ON MY LAURELS--

-- MY BRITISH BUDDY'S STILL IN TROUBLE. HIS SPHERE IS ON A STRAIGHT-IN COURSE TO THE DEAD BALL SLOT. HE'S GONNA MISS THE BUMPER.

HE'S WAY TOO CLOSE-- HE'S GOT NO TIME TO BREAK OUT ON HIS OWN.

K-ZANG!



WHICH IS WHERE I COME IN.

FIRST WITH A NICE WEB-BUMP--



--THAT'LL BOUNCE THE SPHERE UP INTO THE AIR. I ONLY HOPE CAPPY FIGURES OUT WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO--

--OTHERWISE THIS STUNT COULD GET ME VERY SQUASHED.



THAT'S IT, RED! HIT THE SPHERE THE EXACT MOMENT I DO!

OUR COMBINED STRENGTH SHOULD SHATTER IT!



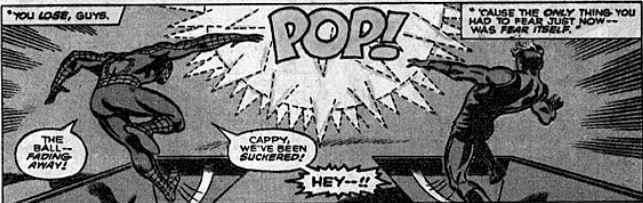


SHAME ON YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOU'RE REACTING NO BETTER THAN THE OTHER "GUESTS" WHO'VE ENTERED MY WORLD OF LIFE AND DEATH.

MY DOOMBALL HAS FROZEN YOU IN YOUR TRACKS, RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU-- ALBEIT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT.

BUT THEN, AN INSTANT IS ALL I NEED.

*YOU LOSE, GUYS.



POP!

* 'CAUSE THE ONLY THING YOU HAD TO FEAR JUST NOW-- WAS FEAR ITSELF.

THE BALL-- FADING AWAY!

CAPPY, WE'VE BEEN SUCKERED!

HEY--!!



DUMB.

DUMB.

DUMB.

DUMB.

OUCH!

GO HELP ME, IF I RUN INTO A LITTLE GIRL AND A WHITE RABBIT WITH A POCKET WATCH, I'LL...

DRAW, PAHDNUH.

Uh-oh.

BUMP!



HAVE TO HAND IT TO THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS OPERATION.

HE SNARED US BEAUTIFULLY.

I ALSO HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING MYSELF HOW DANGEROUS THIS "MURDERWORLD" IS. BUT IT'S ALL SO ABSURD...

IT'S ALMOST FUN.

NOW WHAT?



THE OBVIOUS WAY OUT SEEMS TO BE THROUGH THOSE DOORS-- A LITTLE TOO OBVIOUS, THANK YOU.

I THINK I'LL FIND ANOTHER...

HOLD ON A MINUTE. THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE!



LORD AND LADY PRESERVE ME-- IT'S COURTNEY ROSS!

THAT IT IS, CAPT.

A LADY, SO I'M TOLD, WHO'S CLOSE TO YOUR HEART.



YOUR LADY NEEDS RESCUIN', HERO-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS DROP HER CAPSULE DOWN THE CLEARLY-MARKED CHUTE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PRIZE CHAMBER.



YOU GOT MY WORD O' HONOR-- ONCE SHE'S DOWN THAT CHUTE-- SHE'S OUTTA THE GAME. NO MORE NARM'LL COME TO HER.

'COURSE, TILL THEN, HER LIFE IS UP FOR GRABS.

YOU BETTER MOVE YOUR BUTT, ENGLISHMAN-- 'CAUSE AS OF RIGHT-- NOW! MISS COURTNEY'S ONLY GOT ABOUT TWO MINUTES OF BREATHABLE AIR LEFT TO HER.



THANKS A LOT-- WHOEVER YOU ARE, BUT IT CAN'T BE THAT SIMPLE! THERE MUST BE A CATCH. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT SO FAR, THOUGH-- ALL I'VE PASSED ARE FUNHOUSE MIRRORS.

WHA--?! THE MIRRORS?

MY DISTORTED REFLECTIONS-- THEY'RE COMING TO LIFE!



LINNANGNH!

BROW!

BIG ONE HITS HARDER THAN SPIDER-MAN-- WHILE HIS PARTNER, DOES A NICE IMITATION OF MR. FANTASTIC...

... WRAPPING ME UP SO TIGHTLY I CAN BARELY MOVE!



BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN WARPED IMAGES OF MYSELF TO STOP ME NOW--

--WITH COURTNEY'S LIFE AT STAKE!

MEMORIES--
INTRUSIVE,
BREAKING HIS
CONCENTRATION,
YET WELCOME
JUST THE SAME--

--OF WALKS WITH COURTNEY,
TALKS WITH HER, MOMENTS
STOLEN BETWEEN CLASSES
AT THAMES UNIVERSITY AS
A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCESHIP
BLOSSOMED INTO
FRIENDSHIP--



SKRRRIIPP!

--AND THEN INTO MUCH, MUCH MORE, SOMETHING TOO PRECIOUS TO LOSE.



HANG ON, COURTNEY!
I'M COMING!

BUT WILL I BE IN TIME?

THIS IS TOO EASY!
THERE HAS TO BE MORE TO THIS MAD DEATH-TRAP.



MEANWHILE, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

AH-- SAID-- DRAW!

I GET THE PICTURE, COWBOY.



TROUBLE IS, I'M UNARMED. YOU WON'T MIND IF I SETTLE THIS FRACAS WITH MY FISTS, NOW, WILL YOU?

DIDN'T THINK SO.

4HRRRH!
YEN... GOT... ME...
PRAHNNUN...



THIS LOONY BIN IS LIKE THAT OLD JOKE-- IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH...

...AND IT'S GOT ME LAUGHING ALL THE TIME.

YIKES!

WHERE'D THE WAR COME FROM?

IT'S SOME KIND OF MAINTENANCE
SWIFT, BUT ALL THIS ELECTRONIC
HARDWARE... IT'S LIKE NOTHING
I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. I'VE A
FEELING EVEN REED RICHARDS
WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME
FIGURING ALL THIS OUT.

WHOEVER BUILT THIS
PLACE QUALIFIES IN MY BOOK
AS A 100% GRADE 'A', DIED-
IN-THE-WOOL GENIUS.

WISH I
COULD SAY
THE SAME
FOR ME.

HECK, MY TRAINING IS IN
BIOLOGY, NOT ELECTRONICS.
IT'S A TRIUMPH FOR ME TO
REPLACE MY FUSES WITH-
OUT GETTING ELECTROCUTED.

I WOULDN'T
KNOW WHERE
TO BEGIN TO
SABOTAGE THE
MURDERWORLD.

I SHOULDN'T
SOUND SO
DEPRESSED,
WHO KNOWS,
MAYBE CAP'S
DOING
BETTER.

ON THAT NOTE, LET'S SHIFT SCENES AGAIN, AND FIND OUT...

IT'S A GIANT TREASURE-SCOOP
GAME, WITH COURTNEY AS ONE
OF THE PRIZES!

I'VE PLAYED THE
NORMAL-SIZED GAME
SCORES OF TIMES AT
FUN FAIRS BACK HOME--
AND MY LUCK HAS
ALWAYS BEEN LOUSY.

I SUPPOSE
THESE HANDLES
MUST CONTROL
THE SCOOP...

I'D BETTER GET
CRACKING. COURTNEY
HAS BARELY A
MINUTE OF AIR LE--

HEY!!

SLAM!

DON'T BE
ALARMED,
HERO.

THIS IS JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING TO MAKE THE
GAME A LITTLE MORE,
SHALL WE SAY...

...INTERESTING?

VELOP OOSH



TELL ME, BIG FELLA,
HOW LONG CAN YOU
TREAD WATER?

THIS IS MARVELOUS!
I HAVEN'T ENJOYED
MYSELF THIS MUCH
IN YEARS. FINALLY,
I'M UP AGAINST
FOES WORTHY
OF MY GENIUS!

ARCADE, THE SENSORS
AREN'T PICKING UP
SPIDER-MAN ANYMORE.

RYE, AN',
ALL OF A
SUDDEN
WE HAVE
MALFUNCTION
READ-OUTS
FROM THE
CENTRAL
POWER
CORE.



QUIET! BOTH O'
YOU! DON'T EVER
DISTURB ME IN THE
MIDDLE OF A GAME!

IF THERE'S A PROBLEM,
DEAL WITH IT. I'M BUSY!



SO'S SPIDEY, AT THE MOMENT,
AND HAVING THE TIME OF HIS
LIFE, TOO.

AS THE
THING
TOLD ME,
ONCE
LEARN A
TIME --

--WHEN IN
DOUBT, SMASH
EVERYTHING
AND PLAY YOUR
SOMEWHERE
ELSE WHEN
IT ALL GOES
BLOOEY.

HOPE THIS
IS DOING
SOME GOOD.



WHAT'S GOING ON?!
BAD ENOUGH MY
SEALED CHAMBER
IS FILLING WITH
WATER, BUT NOW
THE GRAB'S
ACTING UP.

KLANG!

INSTRUMENTS
INDICATE A
DISRUPTION IN
THE POWER FLOW,
SCRAMBLING THE
CONTROL CIRCUITS,
MAKING THE GRAB
WORK IN FITS
AND STARTS.



TIME'S RUNNING
OUT-- FOR ME
AND COURTNEY
BOTH.

I'LL ONLY
HAVE ONE
DECENT CHANCE
AT HER, AND
IF I MISS...

...NEITHER
OF US WILL
LIVE LONG
ENOUGH
FOR A
SECOND TRY.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THOUGH,
JUST AROUND THE PROVERBIAL
CORNER...

YOO-HOO,
ANYBODY
HOMES?

NO ANSWER.
I GUESS THE
COAST IS CLEAR.
TOO BAD, I WAS
HOPING SOMEBODY
COULD HAVE TOLD
ME WHERE THE
HECK I AM.

AH, WELL, I'VE DONE
ALL I COULD BACK-
STAGE, TIME I CAME
OUT INTO THE OPEN.

ARCADE! THE
SENSORS HAVE
PICKED UP
SPIDER-MAN
AGAIN!

HE'S RIGHT
OUTSIDE!

NO TINGLING FROM
MY SPIDEY-SENSE--
LOOKS LIKE I
WON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
BOOBY-TRAPS.

AND SINCE
THIS DOOR
SEEMS TO
BE THE ONLY
WAY OUT
OF HERE...

FIGURES.
IT'S
LOCKED.

VERY GOOD,
WEB-SLINGER.
NO ONE'S EVER
EVEN COME
CLOSE TO
REACHING MY
CONTROL
CENTER.

YOU'RE A
MAN AFTER MY
OWN HEART,
FELLA.

BUT YOU'LL FIND
ARCADE IS NEVER
WITHOUT
RESOURCES,
EITHER.

KIAK

Uh-oh. A SLIDING
PANEL TO THE LEFT
OF THE DOOR--
IT'S OPENING.

AND THERE'S A
SEALED CHAMBER,
WITH SOME SORT
OF WELL IN THE
MIDDLE.

Hm... THE FLOOR AROUND
THE WELL IS LITTERED
WITH GIANT CRACKERJACK
PRIZES, AN' AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE WELL
ITSELF -- CB!!

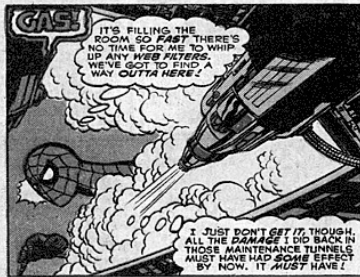
HOLDING
HIMSELF
UNDERWATER
LIKE HIS LIFE
DEPENDS
ON IT!

SO MUCH FOR
INSTANT
RESOLUTIONS.

THWIP!

NOT THE SUBTLEST
INVITATION TO A TRAP
I'VE EVER RECEIVED.
THANKS, PAL, BUT NO THANKS.

I HOPE
I WON'T
LIVE TO
REGRET
THIS.



"WITH MY LUCK, THOUGH, I PROBABLY JUST SHORTED OUT THEIR MR. COFFEE."



ARCADE, THE SYSTEMS--!

STUFF THE SYSTEMS, CHAMBERS, AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

THE GAME'S AFOOT, MAN, AND ARCADE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT SPIDER-MAN COMES UP WITH NEXT.

IN TRUTH, THE ANSWER COMES SOMEWHAT SOONER THAN ARCADE HAD EXPECTED...



SYSTEMS OVERLOAD!
I WARNED YOU, ARCADE!

THAT WALL-CRAWLING FREAK HAS BEEN PLAYING HOKEEY WITH THE CENTRAL CORE--

--AN' NOW THE WHOLE COMPLEX IS BLOWN' UP IN OUR FACES!

EXPLOSIONS, LOTS OF 'EM, AN' GETTING WORSE WITH EVERY MOMENT, COMING CLOSER, TOO.



TIME, I THINK THE THREE OF US WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

MY SPIDEY-SENSE DOESN'T TINGLE WHEN I FACE THIS WALL-- WHATEVER'S BEHIND IT ISN'T DANGEROUS.

BUT-- HOO-BOY! DOES IT STINK!



PHEW! WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SMELL I'VE DISCOVERED. IT STINKS EVEN WORSE THAN THE GAS.

SPIDEY, THE EXPLOSIONS...

I HEAR 'EM.



AN' I HAVE A FEELING I'M GONNA REGRET WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY--

--LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG!

IT'S ALMOST DAWN, AND THE STREETS OF MID-TOWN MANHATTAN ARE EMPTY...

...THE GREAT, MAN-MADE ANYONS EERILY QUIET, SAVE FOR THE OCCASIONAL GROWL OF A PASSING CAR.

IT'S A TIME WHEN ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

AND, FREQUENTLY, DOES.



JOEY, IT'S SPIDER-MAN! POPPIN' OUTTA THE SEWER LIKE A JACK-INNA-BOX!

SHEE-OOT! WILL YA GETTA LOADA THE STENCH?

OK, BROTHER! TALK ABOUT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

DON'T REMIND ME, FELLA. IF I NEVER BREATHE AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON.

YOU MAKE A MOVE, BUSTER, AN' YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH.

ASSUME THE POSITION, SPIDEY.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN, WHAT--?

I'M NOT SURE, COURTNEY.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, YOU THREE. WE GOT AN ALL-POINTS BULLETIN...

...TO BRING CAPTAIN BRITAIN IN, WILLIS. NOT TO PLAY GANG BUSTERS.

CAP'N DEWOLFF!

THAT'S RIGHT, WILLIS. I PICKED UP YOUR PARTNER'S SQUEAL ON THE RADIO. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THE HEROES AND THEIR LADY.

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"WE'VE BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL HALF THE NIGHT, HOTSHOTS. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?"

ASIDE FROM THE CITY SEWERS.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE A PLACE CALLED MURDERWORLD?

WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED, CHUM, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING.



INTERPOL SAYS THE MAGGIA PUT OUT A MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT ON CAPTAIN BRITAIN HERE-- AMONG OTHERS-- BUT SOME LONE WOLF GOT TO THEIR TOP NEURACHRY FIRST.

DID A PUNISHER-TYPE NUMBER ON "THE COMMISSION"-- SHOT 'EM TO PIECES. IT'LL BE MONTHS BEFORE THE FAMILIES RECOVER.



ANYWAY, SOON AS WE HEARD YOU WERE IN NEW YORK, CAP, WE WENT AFTER YOU-- TO WARN YOU. BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, I GUESS.

OKAY, SPIDEY-- END OF THE LINE.

HUH?!



I OWE YOU, WEB-SLINGER, AND JEAN DEWOLFF IS A WOMAN WHO PAYS HER DEBTS.

TAKE OFF, PAL. I'LL MAKE YOUR EXCUSES TO HEAD-QUARTERS.

THANKS, LADY COP. SO LONG COURTNEY, RED-- YOU TWO TAKE CARE.

TAKE GOOD CARE-- CAUSE I'VE GOT A FEELING WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF MURDERWORLD. OR ITS UNKNOWN CREATOR.



SPEAKING OF WHICH...

ARCADE, THE EXPLOSIONS HAVE DESTROYED EVERYTHING.

MURDERWORLD IS... NO MORE.



I JUST GOT WORD BOTH ROAK AND MORAN ARE DEAD-- YOU WILL RECEIVE NO PAYMENT FROM THE MAGGIA. AS FAR AS THEY'RE CONCERNED, THEY NEVER EVEN HEARD OF YOU. OR CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

FORGET CAP'N BRITAIN. HE ISN'T IMPORTANT.

HE AN' SPIDEY BEAT YOU, BOSS. FAIR AN' SQUARE. WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW?



DO, MISS LOCKE, MR. CHAMBERS?



WHY, I'M GONNA REBUILD, O' COURSE. BIGGER AN' BETTER THAN BEFORE. AN' THEN, MY FRIENDS, WHEN WE'RE READY...

... WE'RE GONNA INVITE THE ONE-AN-ONLY SPIDER-MAN BACK FOR A REMATCH.

AN' GUESS WHO'S GONNA WIN?

NEXT ISSUE SPIDEY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE MERCY OF ONE OF HIS OLDEST, DEADLIEST FOES: **KRAVEN THE HUNTER**. AND FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH... A FIGHT HE DARE NOT WIN!!
TIGRA, TIGRA, IN THE NIGHT..

WEB-ZINGERS

96 MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. NYC. 10022

Dear Marvel,

The artwork and scripting of MTU #62 was great. But the greatest thing about the issue was that *Ms. Marvel* came off every bit as heroic, rugged, skilled, useful and clever as the male hero, *Spider-Man*. (And with her powers, why not?) I don't think every super-heroine needs to be like *Ms. Marvel* (because they don't all possess her considerable powers) but neither do they all have to be like the *Wasp* has been portrayed over the last several years. *MS. MARVEL* is what the *Car* failed to become. Good work.

Wallace L. Hopkins

Box 428

Glen Carbon, IL 62034

Yours is one of a whole raft of mail this ish received, Wallace, from people who enthusiastically praised *Ms. Marvel's* premiere guest-shot outside her own mag (that's right, true believers—*Ms. Marvel* has her very own monthly mag, scripted by MTU and X-MEN scribe *Chris Claremont*, with art extraordinary by *Jim Mooney* and *Joe Sinnott*! If you liked her in *TEAM-UP*, you'll love her in *MS. MARVEL*!) But we feel obliged to point out that while the Winsome *Wasp* may not have been all she could have been in days gone past, *Jim "Trouble" Shooter* is changing all that in the pulse-pounding pages of the *AVENGERS*. No wallflowers in that book—male or female—en' that's the truth!

Dear Chris, John and Dave,

There were some nice touches worth mentioning in "All This, and the QE2." First, the title—while obviously a pun (I love puns)—was much better than many. I almost expected "The Return of the Super Skrull" or something. Secondly, the well-planned demise of the villain. You played up his power and countered it logically. Third, *Ms. Marvel's* surprisingly intense hatred for the Super Skrull because he is a Skrull! A racial hatred. One tends to forget she is a Kree because of her Earth background as *Carol Danvers*. More than once, Marvel has used the Kree-Skrull enmity to bring across subtle lessons in racial understanding. I was glad to see her fighting her hatred, realizing it is useless.

You've been doing a fine job scripting MTU, Chris, and I hope you and the mighty talented Canadian stay here awhile. Hunt's inks worked well, too.

James L. Bleeker

1125 Courtney NW

Grand Rapids, MI 49504

Thanks for your peens of praise, James; we'll try to remain worthy of 'em. And though this probably isn't the place to comment on *Ms. M's* character, the heck with it—we'll do it anyway. She's part-Kree, part-human, a synthesis of the best elements of *Carol Danvers* and *MarVell*. Part of her was raised in Boston, part on Kree-Lar; part of her knows the people and places of Earth as well as any other human being. Yet, part of her is just discovering them for the first time. She's both a part of our culture—of humankind itself—and apart from it. And the same would be true if she returned to/visited for the first time Kree-Lar. What will become of her, at this point no one can say.

Dear Mr. Claremont,

In a couple of weeks, I'll be thirty (gasp) years old. Guess it's about time I won myself a no-prize. While MTU #62 was a great super-mix, it contained at least two errors: (1) you seem to have forgotten that Spidey met *Ms. Marvel* months ago in *SPIDEY SUPER STORIES* #22; so when Spidey and she introduce themselves on Page 16, panel 6, they show a short memory. Error #2 is even more unforgivable: *Ms. Marvel's* costume is incorrect. Maybe that's why Spidey didn't recognize her when he saw her again.

I sure hope *Ms. Marvel* can get her own costume back in time for the next issue, which I look forward to.

Jim Daly

23 Erie Street Rd.

Macedon, NY 14502

Hate to burst your bubble, Jim, but that is *Ms. Marvel's* very own costume. It was changed—in her own book—way back in *MS. M* #9, for various artistic/production reasons. And as for your first supposed error, no way! We have enough trouble keeping the continuity straight between the forty-odd books a month that represent the mainstream *Marvel* line; if we start trying to integrate the *SUPER STORIES* book—wherein basic characterizations, costumes, origins of the guest stars are simplified to the point where, in some cases, they bear little relation to their mainstream *Marvel* counterpart(s)—we're dead before we've begun. Suffice to say that *SPIDEY SUPER STORIES* takes place in its own special niche of reality, an alternate universe the *Watcher* may yet touch upon in *WHAT IF?* But as far as applying its stories to the "real" *Marvel* universe (whatever the heck that is) is concerned—pal, they never happened.

At least, that's this *amadillo's* opinion.

Dear Marvel,

MTU #62 was good, but didn't we see the clay figurine in MTU #57?

Randy Evans

517 S. Lewis

Waukegan, IL 60085

Yup. Who says we here at *Marvel* never tie up our loose ends? Or, even better, who says we never plot our stories ages in advance? And, by the way, Randy, there are still a couple of mysteries yet to be resolved: such as what happened to all those *SHIELD* people in their New York HQ? And, as the *Silver Samurai* couldn't have been working for the Super Skrull, who was he working for and did he really know what was hidden within the figurine? Stick around, pal; you may eventually find out.

Archie Goodwin:

My reaction to MTU #62? I hardly know where to begin. (All right already, so I'll think of something! Geez!)

Ahhh! *Ms. Marvel's* first appearance outside her own book. And not a bad one, at that. One of the most fascinating "facts" of *Ms. Marvel* is her Kree warrior instinct. Her sheer strategic genius. But, of course, a little knowledge of an advanced science such as the Kree possess doesn't hurt, either. With all that, who even needs super-powers?

The art: Perfect! With all the talented artists at *Marvel*, it's hard to keep a list of favorites because the order is constantly shifting. And John Byrne is climbing those rungs so fast it takes my breath away! (Tell me, Archie, is he married? I think I'm in love. . .)

Dave Hunt was a good choice for the colors and inks (but then, he always is)—he makes every detail come alive! Archie, you'd better keep these two together as a permanent team on MTU. You wouldn't want to see a grown *Marvelite* cry, now would you?

M.E. Robbins

230 Venado Ave

Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Chris,

What can I say? MTU #62 was another resounding success. Artwork and story were excellent, especially dialogue. You've captured the real Spidey, Chris, and I just ate it up! Loved it when Spidey mistook *Ms. Marvel* for Captain *Marvel*. Sheesh, anymore stories like this and I may have to subscribe. Hey, Chris, what about a *Spidey/Tigra* story. Now that would be fun. . .

Mark Perigord

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Somerville, MA 02144

Mark, have we got a surprise for you. Because, as it just so happens, next ish is indeed. . . a *SPIDEY/TIGRA TEAM-UP*! And if any of you miss it, boy will you be sorry!